

It was busy tonight. He straightened his tie. They closed in an hour.

"Your mother's a slut," a young Marine had told him.

"And yours wears army boots. Have a nice night and drive carefully." Get them out of your face.

"WHY ARE GUYS LIKE THAT?" It was Teresa. She was running the drive-thru register. A car had just driven off.

"What's the matter?" She looked really upset, almost crying.

"Why are guys like that?"

"What'd he say?"

She hugged herself under her small breasts, blinking back tears. It must have been something good. Teri was tough. Young, cute, and small, but tough. Not easily rattled. Two years on the night shift had made her mean.

Guys like to fuck with the young, cute, small ones. Try to shock them. One time a car load of young drunk guys drove thru, ordered some food from her and pulled their dicks out, so she could look down into the car as she passed them their food. She laughed at them and said, "That all you got, inchworms? There's probably not eight inches in the whole carfull." They drove off quickly, leaving part of their order behind.

"What'd he say?"

"I'm not going to repeat it."

It must have been something good.

RUTH AND ELLIS CELEBRATE INDEPENDENCE DAY

They walked down the beach, Ellis leading the way. He was looking sharp in his white undershirt tank top, black speedo swim suit, brown wing tips and knee high purple Argyle socks, sweat soaking into his straw cowboy hat from the exertion of carrying the cooler full of beer and food with the hibachi on top.

Ruth followed behind in her zebra print bikini, cheesy white flab hanging out all over, panty hose on underneath with the dark brown top of them coming down half way to

her knees, white rimmed, pointed-at-the-corner sunglasses and a pith helmet, carrying a beach umbrella and the folding chairs.

"Hurry up, Fat Ass," she said to Ellis, "We haven't got all day."

"Ellis said, "If you didn't pack enough food to feed a hippopotamus I could probably move a little faster."

"I got your hippopotamus," said Ruth, poking Ellis in the butt with the pointed end of the beach umbrella.

"OUCH! Knock that shit off." The hibachi rattled on top of the cooler.

"I don't have to take any of your lip, Jello Buns, I want you to double time." She gave him another poke to the rump, a little harder this time.

"OUCH!" Ellis started to run. He was almost up to full speed before the hibachi slid off the top of the cooler and tripped him. He was in mid air, going about forty miles an hour when he saw his destination: a blanket full of suntan-lotioned, semi-clad, sixteen-year-old girls.

His "YAHOO" could be heard for miles.

He hit. The girls shrieked. He laid there in a pile with them and wallowed like a pig.

His wallowing came to an abrupt halt when Ruth poked him in the butt with the umbrella again, hard enough to draw blood this time.

"Get out of there, you disgusting old lecher."

Ellis got up. Ruth swung at him with the umbrella. He picked up the hibachi to use as a shield. Ruth faked for the head and Ellis raised the hibachi to block the blow. When he did, Ruth swung low and hit him hard on the knee. As the pain shot up his leg, Ellis decided to run for it. He threw the hibachi at her head and tore out up the beach. She ducked and it sailed over her. She took out after him, kicking up sand like a drag racing dune buggy.

The girls watched them go, then decided to see what was in the abandoned cooler.